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Carl Tausig.*

(Concluded from page 125).

It has been observed before that this perfect artist, by the grace of God, called as few are, by the strength of his own will chosen as still fewer are, was a rare worker on many fields. May I be permitted here to mention the admirable artistic principles that guided his restless activity—for the benefit perhaps of many a young artist-student. He was filled above all with the highest respect for the work of art, whose interpretation he undertook. In common we shared the conviction that, in order to play artistically it was necessary, first to play correctly, in an objective point of view, on the basis of the most minute analysis, combined with a careful observation of the marks of expression, seemingly less important, which the author may have omitted, but which are to be discovered by analogy; secondly, to produce objective beauty, by paying attention to acoustic conditions of the instrument and to general beauty of tone, possible in many instances only by combining dynamic shading of the single parts, even in the simplest consonances; to play polyphonically and polychromatically whatever is played. Fortunately the progress our modern grand piano-makers have achieved, especially Carl Bechstein in Berlin, whose instruments I use, as he did, not only permits, but often inspires such playing. Thirdly, to play in an interesting manner, subjectively; of course most conscientiously observing postulates one and two; to reproduce with freedom, to give to the recital the character of momentary improvisation, the charm of an oration delivered without notes.—All these qualities, blended most harmoniously, were characteristic of Tausig's playing.

Besides this regard for the work of art to be interpreted, Tausig had the virtue of a still more estimable, more difficult respect: that for the public, before which he was to play the work of art for edification or improvement. He fully adopted my theory—begging pardon for the unavoidable abuse of the first personal pronoun which I make in this letter—that, although we daily see that nothing is too bad to be swallowed by the crowd, we never must forget that nothing is too good, too costly for the public to which we appeal. An earnest artist therefore has to treat this mass of auditors, however equivocally composed, in an earnest, conscientious manner. In this point also Tausig was a model. Only one other fellow-artist may in this respect be compared with him, Alexander Dreyschok, who preceded him in death by one year. The wondrous, harmonious technique of this master was by no means mechanical, as many supposed, who had not, like myself, the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with the excellent, kind-hearted artist; his unceasing labor of improving himself being entitled to a respect still higher, since his original talent for music was comparatively small,—a fact which he most readily acknowledged, but which his earnest endeavors completely hid from all but the initiated.

(*Translated for this Journal from the Leipzig Signale)

After this short sketch of Tausig's unremitting artistic labors, of his thorough studies in the most various departments of knowledge (during the last years of his life he devoted every leisure moment to the study of the latest developments of physiology and other matters of natural science), who does not see the injustice of the reproach that was heaped upon Tausig as "man," as if he withdrew himself, self-satisfied, from others, as if he were unsociable and unkindly? Who would blame him for preferring deep books, from which he drew materials for new thought and feeling, to be worked up and to aid in fruitifying new blossoms on the field of his art—for preferring them to the intercourse with idlers belonging to all classes of society, more or less indifferent, impelled mostly by the curiosity to examine a celebrity? And yet, where it was necessary, he could move with elegance in the highest circles of society. The most intelligent and brilliant ladies of the highest rank were his enthusiastic admirers. Whenever he met intelligent, sympathetic men among writers, painters, physicians, &c., who were well-bred enough not to persecute him as a celebrity with their inquisitiveness, he would unfold social talents of the highest grace. He was an excellent story-teller, full of a caustic wit, who played with the same ease, as his fingers did, the giant scale from Aristophanes's plasticism to Heine's four-scored irony; he could compose sparkling counterpoints over the *canto fermo* of the world-embracing humor of Berlin. As a matter of course he preferred the company of such prominent representatives of this humor, as Messrs. Dohm and Scholz (editor and designer of the comic paper *Kladderatsch*. Tr.), who ever show a moral, ideal tendency behind their bacchantic mask of word and picture.

When I had to visit Berlin last year I went to see Tausig, who was kind enough to play many things for me, though the season was over and he complained of being entirely worn out and "not in practice at all." Among them the *Toccata* by Schumann, of incredible difficulty for him who studies it; Bach's E-flat major *Suite*, lately discovered by Peters, several mazurkas and *Etudes* by Chopin, &c. The real enchantment I felt was expressed about as follows: "You have become surpassingly great, my dear friend. In spite of my old, unchanged admiration for your gigantic talent, I never would have believed that I might look up to you as I did to Joseph Joachim, after he had played the Beethoven Concerto. Every note you played is gold, is the exponent of the most concentrated feeling. You have a right to say, after playing or rather creating anew a short prelude, a mazurka of Chopin: Here is the whole history of piano-playing from the beginning to this day. Just as Horace Vernet told a person, who had asked him for an album leaf, and who was disposed to grumble at the ten minutes which it took Vernet to paint it in his presence: "Why, think you it was ten minutes it took me to draw this picture in your album? It is fully thirty years that it cost me." In former days you

were a volcano, now you have become a beneficent sun, warming and spreading light. Hail, young Apollo! I am delighted that my eyes are clear enough to see your excellence and that I may bring you my heart-felt tribute, which you must not refuse."

Ponte a Seraglio, near Lucca, August, 1871.

HANS VON BUELOW.

What is Required of Song Writers.

Many write poetry for music, and poets generally love to see their writings entwined in a wreath of melody. It is, however, given to but few to write poetry fit to be used with music. Poetry may be very good, but totally unfit for the musician's use. Many of our greatest writers are almost destitute of songs. This may be attributed to their love for more elaborate works, and the carelessness with which we may imagine them to treat these trifles of songs. But we think the true reason lies more in the fact that they lacked the ability of writing songs.

Writing poetry for music requires more than the mere art of constructing a few decent rhymes expressing some clever ideas. Many, however, think that a few sentimental sentences, dished up in well-sounding rhymes, ought to be good enough a meal for any musician to partake of; and should the musician be unable to use such machine productions, he is in danger of being denounced as entirely void of taste and poetic sentiment.

The song writer should never lose sight of the fact that his words are to be united with music. Then the question may very properly be asked, *where lies the dividing line between poetry and music?* Is music the frame and poetry the picture, or is poetry the sketch, the design, while music supplies the colors? Space will not allow us to enter into the discussion of the subject, neither is it our object to do so here.

As above stated, our greatest writers have given us but few songs, while many stars of lesser magnitude abound with them. We need but speak of Burns, who is a true song writer, expressing not only the tenderest but also the loftiest sentiments—lofty enough for a Shakespeare. Thomas Moore, the Irish bard, is another who has excelled in this *genre*, and has given us songs in his Irish melodies which are probably in their line unsurpassed by any published in any language. There are others in our own country as well as in England who have given us songs, but they are few in number. Germany has many beautiful songs; so has France, but the literature of these nations is not overridden with them.

That poetry, which is now so extensively used by composers, and which attracts the fickle public for a season, can not be recognized as poetry, as coming under our head. These songs catch at any and every excitement or event, sing of every public calamity or rejoicing, sing the name of mother and home until it becomes sickening, sing of household furniture, appeal to mawkish sentimentality, weep over the grassy mound, tell us of all manner of meetings, on the beach, at the garden gate, under the gas light, etc., until they take us up in a balloon, where we wish they would remain. We hope the subjects may be exhausted soon, and that these writers may become wise, like owls, and as silent as they.

What, then, should poets observe when writing for music? We would say, by all means avoid long words, such as are difficult to pronounce, and contain many consonants. Yes, we would go a step farther, and say that our poets should know as much of music, and what is easiest to sing, as our musicians should be good judges as to what is suitable to be set to music. As

music and poetry make one whole, when properly united, so should the composer and the poet be one in sentiment and aim. Our language presents not a few difficulties to the song writer. English is not as easily sung as Italian. As composers should know upon which tones to double, and which tones *not* to use in that manner, how high or how low to go for certain voices, so should the poet avoid everything difficult to pronounce, avoid all words which would be a hindrance to the free effusion of sound. In metres he should be plain and simple, as well as regular to a fault almost. If beginning a verse with a heavy or light foot, let the others be constructed likewise. Irregularities of that sort are very annoying to the musician, and often cause him to make other selections.

It is the privilege of poetry to describe actions as well as to express sentiment. Music does the latter, but should never attempt the former. In the opera, music is the companion of action, and is used to portray feelings in accordance with action, but no musician would attempt to describe the plot of an opera. (When saying this we are not forgetting Berlioz and his music.)

Poetry should express some definite sentiment. Long descriptions, many worded expressions, are utterly out of place. The number of verses should not be great, nor is it best that each verse contain many lines. Some of the best songs contain but few verses and each verse consists of but a few short lines. Some composers contend that it is wrong to sing more than one verse to a given melody, insisting upon giving each verse its own melody. Poets should vary as little as possible in sentiment in the various verses, in which case we cannot see any impropriety of repeating several verses to one melody. When the subject in hand requires a change in sentiment, we would of course expect a change in melody also.

Philosophical and abstract ideas are of course not suited for songs. Poets who wish to write songs for music, should have the power of saying much in the fewest possible words.

Many of our songs are mere empty sentimentalism, arising from undefined feelings, lack of knowledge of the human passions; while all good songs come from noble hearts, beating high for all which is humane, pure and good, idealizing even our faults and weaknesses, touching the strings which vibrate in every human heart, and as a natural consequence are dear to us. It requires not only a peculiar talent to write good songs, but we truly believe also that the spring time in life is the best, if not the only time, when poets write songs successfully. When years with their ripper judgments come, poets often change in their thoughts and feelings also. There have, however, been exceptions to this rule, and some of our song writers sang of love to their dying day.

Before closing we would say that, words exercising a powerful influence in connection with music, the selection of them should be judicious. Especially would we draw the attention of our ministers to the fact that our Sunday School poetry is by no means what it should be. If it is difficult to make a good address before children, it is still more difficult to write hymns for Sunday Schools. As there is a class of persons who would lower religion by the introduction of all sorts of silly stories, cultivating ideas and sentiments unbecoming the idea of a God and Savior, and as many of our Sunday School books are calculated to create false ideas of religion and our relations to God, so does our Sunday School poetry fall far short of what it may be designed to be, and surely of what it ought to be. The earliest impressions last longest and go deepest; the words of children's songs make a deeper impression upon their minds and feelings than many are aware of. Hence we cannot be too careful in looking at the words of our Sunday School hymns, as well as examining the melodies.—*Brainard's Mus. World, Cleveland, O.*

Individualism in Art.—Rembrandt.

M. ATHANASE COQUEREL'S LECTURE BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S CLUB.

[Correspondence of the Tribune.]

Boston, Nov. 1.—The New England Woman's

Club held its first evening's reception last night in honor of M. Athanase Coquerel, fils, who gave us a lecture not previously delivered in Boston, and not, I believe in this country. His subject was Rembrandt, as an illustration of individualism in art. The Club parlors were beautifully arranged and decorated. Flowers, profuse and dainty enough to have done honor to a bride, were blossoming in vases and trailing from hanging baskets. The French and American flags were festooned together for drapery, and the walls were hung with choice pictures, a few of them the property of the Club, the rest loaned for the occasion. Numerous guests of distinction were present, but with regard to their names the Club's principle is not to kiss and tell. There were bright eyes, and bright diamonds, and point lace; men of pictures and men of poems; and to this brilliant audience Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, our President, introduced, in fitting phrase, Monsieur Coquerel, the distinguished representative of Christian culture. She bade him welcome in the name of liberty, of equality, of fraternity; and said that while last year taught us to pity France, she had now sent a messenger to teach us to envy her.

Monsieur responded to this welcome with true French grace. It made him want, he said, to do a great deal better than he could. He had seemed spoken of art in Boston, and of those who seemed to him to illustrate individualism in art; but he had paused before the great name of Rembrandt, because it deserved in this relation so much more than a mere mention. Rembrandt was, first of all, and above all, an individualist in politics, in religion, in art, though not the greatest of artists. Admiring Rembrandt much, Monsieur confessed to admiring Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci more, finding their works more beautiful. But Rembrandt was in some respects a more astonishing man. He labored under great disadvantages, but he made of his obstacles stepping-stones, of his impediments opportunities. He was the last of the great painters, and the first great etcher; and this last was no mean or unimportant distinction. He lived from 1609 to 1669, the greater part of the time in Leyden and Amsterdam, in which last place he died. He never visited Italy, but he was by no means ignorant of Italian art. He had a most inquiring mind. In company with a friend, he bought a painting by Giorgione, which used to hang in his studio. He was a great purchaser of engravings at great prices. He procured busts of the Emperors, and everything else he could get to make himself familiar with the art history of Italy. But while he studied Italy he was not conquered by her; he was a neighbor, not a subject. An early drawing of his exists in which he made an accurate copy of the Last Supper, till he came to the three little windows under the rafters. These three little windows he did not like. He made one big window, instead, and changed the rafters to rays of light; sunshine and shade were his own dominion.

The Dutch painters, before Rembrandt, had been imitating Italy and borrowing their inspiration from her. So servile were they that they even changed their names, and gave Italian forms to them. Rembrandt imitated no one. He could not bear to see people copying what their own eyes had not seen. A great many people know how to paint or draw who do not know how to see. Rembrandt believed that an artist's first lesson is to learn how to use his eyes. He labored under what would have been to a lesser man great disadvantages of climate, sky and light. Colors and outlines are very distinct in Italy. The sky is blue and clear to a proverb. The great Italians painted what they saw; but Rembrandt did not see the same. He lived in a damp country, a country of mists, where are few clearly defined outlines, and one sees objects as they break forth from surrounding fog. Colors are indistinct there, also, all taking somewhat the hue of mist. Moreover the country is flat; no mountains, no great hills, even. Rembrandt painted it as he saw it. In this damp country people require more food than in the clearer south; and so their own outlines grow less defined, less shapely. You do not find the lithe symmetry of the Italian peasant in the full-fed Dutch burgher, and Rembrandt painted the people, too, as he saw them. His genius was truth, personal feeling, seeing with his own eyes. He was as much a reformer in art as Luther was in religion; a rebel against tradition; against the rules established by Italian painters. So, in his pictures, he never painted distinct outlines, because he did not see them. But he had great power. Whether you will or no, you must look first, in his works, at the precise spot which he desires you first to behold. Light and shade were his great secret. Color and outline are the whole of painting, thought the Italian painters; but Rembrandt said no, light and shade should be the essential thing; and in his own pictures he made them so. Everything which he could not put into full light he threw into almost complete

darkness. He wanted his paintings regarded from satisfactory distance, and one day told a visitor who came too near, that oil painting was very unwholesome for the nose.

Rembrandt delighted in fine toilets, fine jewelry, heavy silks; he liked also flowing hair and streaming gray beards. He loved to paint a beautiful woman in beautiful clothes, and he never was economical of his jewels. He was willing to buy jewels, too, as well as to paint them; and the good elders of the church to which he belonged were much exercised in their minds because Madame Rembrandt wore so many. They labored with him in vain on the subject. The great painter was very much in love with his wife, and he liked to clothe her finely, and then to paint her into his pictures for the world to admire. He painted portraits of noble knights and dames, which were princely, magnificent, full of the pride of life, brave with jewels where the sun struck them, heavy with gold and velvet. But if he was the first painter of princes, he was also first painter of paupers; no one could paint rags as he could, and he loved to paint them almost as much as jewels.

One of his celebrated pictures, the "Night Watch," in the museum at Amsterdam, represents a shooting club going out to fire at a mark. As it is broad daylight, the name is somewhat of a misnomer, but the picture is well known. A cock, which has already been shot, is in the hands of a girl of ten or eleven. The child is, as usual, superb with jewels. A ray of light falls on her figure. In this ray of light, of what color are her clothes? You look a little while, and see that her petticoat is blue, and her spencer yellow, but the colors are indistinct, as colors are in that land of dampness. They are all drowned in light, and they melt into each other. The mist through which you see her is the most poetical mist in the world, and the girl looks as if she were walking out of a fairy tale. Rembrandt is at once the most material and the most ideal of painters. He painted a butcher's stall so utterly true that it is repulsive; and a strong angel rising into the ether with such glory and majesty that you forget the laws of gravitation, and believe only in the spiritual attraction which makes it impossible that a being so noble should do anything but rise. His nude figures, of bathers and the like, are so ugly and so real that you cry out in despair to have them clothed; and he makes a child, being carried away by an eagle, no dainty darling, but a real and awfully frightful young-one, its clothes slipped up to its waist, and its lips parted with the shrieks of terror which you can almost hear.

But no one is so ideal as he is in his pictures on sacred subjects. It does not need the presence of the Lord in the "Supper of Emmaus" to make the picture shine with His glory. From the chair whence He has risen streams a flood of light which irradiates the room, and His absence suggests yet more than would His presence. Rembrandt was a Protestant in art, and his finest etchings were illustrative of Bible themes. These he treated never according to the traditions of the elders, but in accordance with his own ideas of the true and the possible. His method of teaching was different from that of any other master. The first thing he did when he had a house was to turn the garret of it into a study, or rather into numerous little studies. In each one of these he shut up a pupil, never letting one student see what another one was doing. This was his device for securing originality. Often he would give to all the same subject, but he insisted that they should ask each other no questions. He would have each one's conception thoroughly his own. By this method his school became the most valuable of schools—superior to all others by virtue of freedom of treatment and variety of subject. "See what you can, and paint only what you see," was his motto. He left this Protestant conception of painting as one of his most valuable legacies to all who should succeed him in the royal domain of art. It is the true secret of individualism in art. Look into the world, each one, with his own eyes, and paint, not what other people say exists, but what your eyes see; whether it be the blue sky or clear outlines of Italy, or the golden, transfiguring mists of Holland. This was the lesson of Rembrandt.

A pleasant season of social intercourse followed the essay. The guests talked art over chocolate and ice-cream. The Club ladies smiled and listened. The brilliant speaker bore any number of introductions with a placid patience, a kindly interest, which warmed a little into gallantry when the women were pretty and vivacious, but which was cordial to all, and won all suffrages. He will speak in French on Mendelssohn, at the Lowell Institute, Thursday evening, and no matter how fast he talks we shall all profess to understand him, and declare that we are charmed.

L. C. M.

Mendelssohn and the "Reformation Symphony."

M. COQUEREL AT THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

M. Athanase Coquerel fils, the distinguished and eloquent Protestant clergyman of Paris, will be gratefully remembered by the Bostonians for many a day, for having inaugurated at the Lowell Institute, last evening, that thus far essentially Parisian institution, the *causerie*. Now the *causerie* is a cross between a lecture and essay; a conversational, familiar and eminently modest address, suggestive rather than dictatorial; pungent, picturesque, photographic. M. Coquerel brought to it all the grace of manner and charm of language for which he is so justly noted, and was eagerly listened to and heartily applauded by a very brilliant audience. His theme, "Mendelssohn and the Reformation Symphony," had been announced as to be treated in the French language, and this added a fresh excellence to the occasion. The crisp and sparkling idioms of the great city, the glow and fitness of the varied adjectives, which in themselves painted a little sketch of character with lightning-like rapidity, kept the audience in a continual, pleasurable fever of excitement.

M. Coquerel began by saying that he did not intend to undertake a musical criticism, but rather to indulge in a simple *causerie* about a man. In this early part of November there were always celebrated in Europe, with careful solemnity, two days—the day of All Saints, which had just passed, and the present, the day of the dead—*le jour des morts*. These days would at once recall to the Protestant mind the beginning of the Reformation. It was the custom in Germany to assemble together vast numbers of pilgrims on these days, and it was because of the chance for discussion on such occasions that Luther nailed upon the famous church doors, on the 31st of October, 1517, his ninety-five theses—attacking all that substituted the exterior, mere form for faith; everything which dispensed with the repentance which Christ demanded of man; all that admitted the intervention of any human agency between the soul and its God. This was not to separate himself from the Pontifical church, but to attack its rottenness and dead formulas. When on the customary anniversary day the pilgrims arrived at the church, they read with astonishment these theses, and discussed them in many different senses, and then and there began the Reformation. These theses remained still upon the old church doors. A Prussian King had had them cast in bronze, and inside the church, and under simple stones, slept Luther and Melancthon. All Germany had the habit of celebrating the first week of November as the anniversary of the Reformation's birth; so did the Scandinavian States, and throughout Protestant France the week was held in reverence. A society had even been founded in Paris for the purpose of keeping the November week's observance green; and one of M. Coquerel's friends had issued a circular to the Protestant French churches advising them to regularly celebrate the anniversary. Speaking of Luther's magnificent choral, "Ein feste Burg," M. Coquerel complimented in the highest terms Dr. Hedge's translation thereof.

One year ago, he said, he and his friends were besieged, and the Protestant pastors and their congregations in Paris modestly celebrated the anniversary. During the first week of November he received a visit from M. Pasdeloup, the great artist, who had done so much to popularize German music in France; who represented that his artists were dying of hunger—that something must be done to relieve them. Music was completely dethroned in Paris; what could be done? He came to ask M. Coquerel to give a conference in the Cirque Napoleon, to let him associate his music with it, and thus make some money for his starving musicians. M. Coquerel refused twice, but the third time Pasdeloup came and offered a subject for the concert, and it was "Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony." M. Coquerel then told the audience, in sparkling, racy French, how he informed M. Pasdeloup that the Sunday on which he proposed the concert was November sixth, the anniversary of the reformation's birth; was he aware that he would be inviting Catholics to celebrate the Reformation, and that Mendelssohn's Symphony was written to celebrate it? Pasdeloup still insisted, however, on the concert, and M. Coquerel determined to accept. Then, returning from besieged Paris to last week in Boston, he explained to the audience how Rev. Mr. Foote of King's Chapel had invited him to speak in French, and how they had decided on this subject without reflecting that November second was the *jour des morts*, and that he was about to celebrate a reformation anniversary in Boston. He then reviewed the concert conference at the Cirque Napoleon last year. He graphically described the condition of the Parisians—who had just been refused an armistice by the Prussians—an armistice which they had hoped

might have led to peace. It was a grave and solemn occasion, and people had need of all their courage. On that troublous day he addressed the thousands assembled in the circus. He admitted that the occasion which united them was strange. They were agonized with a siege which was maintained by three German circles of fire and iron, and while these Germans surrounded them, they gathered in a concert to listen to German music. Was this unpatriotic? No. And then he explained that for them Beethoven and Weber and Mendelssohn were not Germans; that all the treasures of the human mind were in common and had no nationality. Then he told them frankly how he—Protestant—had trembled with emotion in listening to Mendelssohn's glorious symphony and Luther's choral, and praised the tolerance of the Catholics in coming together to worship at the shrine of a musician who had celebrated the Reformation.

M. Coquerel's analysis of the symphony was admirable. Mendelssohn, said he, wrote it at twenty-one. He never published it, but sometimes had it performed; he was not satisfied with it, and ordered his son not to publish it until twenty years after his death. The introduction was majestic, sonorous, virile, and was followed by a scherzo unapproachably pure and spiritual, but full of good and brave joy. The *andante* which succeeded was pious—tender—filled with infinite sweetness, and redolent of confession. It was not the confession of a Catholic to his priest, but of a Protestant to his God. Then came the tremendous, overwhelmingly glorious chords of Luther's choral, and the symphony finally ended with a fugue, in which Protestant faith in the reformation triumphed in the noblest harmonies. Mendelssohn had found, nevertheless, that there was not grandeur enough in his work. M. Coquerel thought there was something infinitely admirable in Mendelssohn's method of criticizing other less fortunate composers' productions, and told the story of an opera called "Hero and Leander," in which Mendelssohn, to soothe the unsuccessful author's feelings, said he found the same faults that pervaded his own "Reformation Symphony!" The severity and intense fidelity of Mendelssohn's method of composition were clearly pointed out. All that was not perfectly pure and of exquisite elegance was unsupportable to him. M. Coquerel said he "had penetrated himself" with the clear precision of this style, and found it admirable. He then selected extracts from Mendelssohn's letters when he was in Rome (where, strangely enough, the grand symphony was written and translated,) the composer's portrait of himself, and his ideas of piety. At Rome he saw many Protestants and Catholics, and found that numbers of them misunderstood their religion. After reading some dull and narrow religious books, he said he preferred Voltaire's broom and French audacity to such bounded religion. He was profoundly religious; as a politician, liberal, confident. When Jacobi in 1841 published a violent pamphlet, which created a liberal movement throughout Germany, Mendelssohn wrote that there had not been such a birth of generous ideas since the old war time. Mendelssohn, however, hated and despised war. When Becker wrote his *Sie sollen nicht ihn haben*, and the insolent glorification of Germany over France overran the country, Mendelssohn said it was not right, and scoffed at the sentiment which prompted the song. He found something gross and vulgar in these excesses of patriotism, and wrote a stern refusal to furnish any music for Becker's works. Mendelssohn's disgust for titles was ably illustrated in a series of pleasant anecdotes. He detested Berlin, found it too aristocratic, military, official. He could only live there four years. Humboldt, in a letter to M. Coquerel, once described Berlin as "a little town, intellectually a desert, and hollow." Heinrich Heine used to speak of himself as the "liberated Berliner." The solemn, crushing life of the capital annoyed Mendelssohn. M. Coquerel pleasantly narrated the dispute between Friedrich Wilhelm Fourth and the composer, which hastened Mendelssohn's retreat from Berlin. In family life he was innately tender and loving. In his letters there were charming things. One to his brother Paul was a poem, full of tenderness, soul, fire. These great artists, like Michael Angelo and Mendelssohn, had a profundity of affection which the common could hardly understand.

"You have all," said M. Coquerel, "heard those little songs, full of spring-time, fruit, flowers, the breath and perfection of nature, songs where the soul can be heard appealing directly to God. I know of no music that so gives one the odor of wood and hay and briar, none where nature looks in so directly, as in these songs without words—these little poems that Mendelssohn so unconsciously let fall." And he then related quaintly Mendelssohn's explanation to the man who asked why the songs without words were written.

Mendelssohn could not support music which said nothing. He was also very difficult about librettos. Music was for him something strong, significant, and he would not have the words falter beside it. He would not have supported the insipidity of the librettos of "William Tell" and the "Zauberflöte." M. Coquerel closed his appreciation of Mendelssohn by enlarging upon the oratorios written in the composer's declining years, and related the manner in which, on that memorable November sixth in Paris, last year, he had electrified his audience by the simple picturing of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The anniversary in besieged Paris had netted a handsome sum for the wounded; he trusted that on this present occasion—the 354th anniversary of the reformation, he had succeeded in interesting the audience for a passing hour. —*Boston Journal*, Nov. 3.

Rubini.

[Concluded from page 123.]

To the physical qualities—which may be considered as the implements of a singer's mind—and intelligence, Rubini added a profound sensitiveness and great aptitude in making himself master of the different styles of music. He sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," the character of which is so eminently lyrical, as well as the music in Mozart's *Don Juan*, and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. Certainly, no artist of modern times imparted to the air, "Il mio tesoro," in Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, so much finish, ease, and perfect intonation combined, and we recollect with what daring Rubini, instead of executing the rather old *trill* in the twenty-sixth bar of the *andante*, took the part of the first violin, and executed upon A and B flat a vigorous trill, which hastened the cadence, and ensured the enthusiastic applause of the audience. Since the time of Viganoni, who created the part of Paolino in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, no tenor ever sang so well as Rubini the air: "Pria che spunti." What suavity and what delicacy of accent! How well the singer had seized the meaning of this hymn of youth and chaste love, gushing forth without an effort, like a perfume of the soul, and presenting us with a real picture of domestic happiness and peace. What has become of this style *di mezzo carattere*, so fine and so difficult, which is to music and the art of singing what, to ancient statuary and poetry, was the serene and restrained emotion which constituted their principal characteristics? Read an eclogue of Virgil, or an idyl of André Chénier, and compare them, for instance, with a piece of poetry by M. Victor Hugo; you will immediately perceive what distinguishes the beautiful from the picturesque—that is to say, Raphael from Rubens.

Although Rubini likewise sang with great effect in the operas of Rossini—a little of whose *brío* and passionate fervor he himself possessed—and though he was admirable in certain parts of the character of Count Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, as well as that of Otello, and executed in a most extraordinary manner the tenor part of the famous duet in *Mosè*, "Parlar, spiegar," in which he disputed the palm for bravura and vocal dexterity with Tamburini; it was emphatically in the works of Bellini that he proved himself the grand master of song. It is necessary to have heard him sing the first air in *Il Pirata*, "Nel furor delle tempeste," and especially the second motive, "Come un'angelo celeste"—in which we already find the germ of that short and touching *melopœia*, constituting the prominent feature of Bellini's genius—to form an idea of the power of emotion possessed by this incomparable artist. He was no less remarkable in the duet in the second act of the same opera, and I can still hear the phrase, "Vieni, cerchiam pe'mare," still re-echoing in the inmost recesses of my heart. It was only surpassed by that which follows, and which was the complement of it:

"Per noi tranquillo un porto
L'immenso mar avrà . . ."

There was, in Rubini's voice, when he sang this charming and expressive *cantilena*, a kind of melancholy which gradually evaporated into a magic horizon, and impressed you with the sentiment of Immediacy.

In the part of Elvino, in *La Sonnambula*, Rubini's talent rose with the genius of his favorite composer. Every one at Paris remembers how he gave the phrase, "Prendi, l'anel ti dono," in the duet of the first act, and with what a mixture of grace and *naïve* emotion he sang the pleasing madrigal which forms the subject of the second duet, "Son geloso." In the quartet of the finale in the first act, Rubini displayed the most sublime pathos when singing the phrase so well known and so touching:

"Ah! tel mostri s'io l'amai
Questo pianto del mio cor!"

Who, too, would not give ten five-act operas, as they are performed every day, to hear Rubini sing, only once a week, that cry of despairing love, in the duet in the second act of *La Sonnambula*—

"Pace! il guardo, e appaga l'alma
Dell' eccesso de' miei mali;
Il più triste dei mortali
Sono, cruda, e li son per te!"

In the character of Arturo in *I Puritani*, which was his last creation, Rubini has left us such recollections of emotion and enchantment, that we can only recall them to the mind of those who heard them, without pretending to transmit an idea of them to the generations who were not so fortunate. Let us first quote the phrase of the quartet in the first act—

"A te, o cara, amor talora
Mi guidò furtivo e in pianto,"

in which the artist's voice burst forth into bloom like a rose beneath the first beams of a morning in spring; while, to this phrase, serene and *spianata*, he vigorously opposed that accompanying the words, "Tra la gioia e l'esaltato," by sending forth from his chest a magnificent *la*, which re-echoed to the clouds, and then bounded back again from the depths of harmony. In the finale of the first act he gave with prodigious power the passage, "Non parlar di Lei ch' adoro," where he made a most bold *point d'orgue*. Lastly, we may mention the romance of the second act, "A una fonte afflitta e solo," which Rubini only murmured, and allowed to escape from his lips like a sigh. In the duet following this romance, the phrase, full of brilliancy, "Nel mirarti un solo istante," and, finally, the duet between Elvira and Arturo, where Rubini rose to great energy of expression in the memorable passage—

"Non mi sarai rapita
Fin che ti stringerò."

In the *Anna Boleno* and *Lucia* of Donizetti, Rubini was not less admirable than in the operas of Bellini. In the first of these works, in which he created the part of Percy, he sang, with profound emotion, the well known air, "Vivi tu, te ne scongiuro," where Donizetti has evidently imitated the melodious manner of his young rival. As for the scene of the middle dictation, which forms the dramatic climax of the second finale of *Lucia*, no singer has ever been able to imitate the cry of anguish which escaped from Rubini's quivering lips.

Like a great number of Italian singers—of whom Garcia, Lablache, Tamburini, Pasta, Malibran, and Grisi, are remarkable exceptions—Rubini was not a finished actor. He did not trouble himself much about anything but the *scena* or *morceau*, the interpretation of which placed him in the foreground. When this was past, he voluntarily disappeared, and retired, like Achilles in his tent, without caring much for the story of the drama or the conduct of the other personages. In the air, the duet, or the finale, in which he had an active or preponderating part, Rubini would suddenly rouse himself and display all the energy and charm of his incomparable talent. His abrupt but earnest gestures, his expressive and picturesque pantomime, satisfactorily seconded and carried out his internal emotions, and appeared rather to assist the expansion of his lungs than to be the plastic manifestation of the personage he was representing. It was in the tone and sonorosity of his organ, in the artistic management and accents of his voice, that all Rubini's dramatic power consisted. When he had to sing a quick air, like the "Pria che spunti," in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, or a phrase palpitating with feeling like that of the quartet in *I Puritani*, he advanced to the front of the stage, and, standing perfectly motionless, with his hand naïvely placed upon his heart, exhaled *i suoi dolci lamenti*, which, like an electric shock, ran from one person to another, and spread sympathy and delight throughout the house. This was the method pursued by Rubini, who, nevertheless, when he pleased, proved himself no mean actor; and we have likewise seen Pasta, whose dramatic intelligence was never questioned, completely absorbed, like some chaste muse, while singing the air, "Di tanti palpiti," in which even Malibran, with all her voice and more acting, was never able to produce the same impression.

It was not only in vocal combinations, in the variety of accent, color, and melodious arabesques or *ricami*, that Rubini displayed a great fertility of imagination. His most usual ornaments were the double scale, ascending and descending, the shake perfectly and vigorously sustained upon the high notes of the chest register; a certain pathetic vibration which he imparted to one note, causing it to glitter as if progressively; a broad and powerful emission of his chest voice, from which he dashed, by means of a daring *portamento*, into the high regions of the head voice; and, lastly, that grand stratagem of *chiaroscuro*, the abrupt transition from the full voice to the most imperceptible *smorzato* sound, a sort of dim

twilight, in which it was sometimes difficult for the ear to find its way. By this method, which he constantly employed, and appears to have borrowed from Davide junior, as well as a great number of boldly conceived inflexions and *gorgheggi*, Rubini clearly proved himself to be a modern singer, sprung from the new school of dramatic music, which Rossini inaugurated in History. Were we required to characterize, in a few words, the tendencies of modern art, in music as well as in painting and literature, we should say that the prominent feature distinguishing the productions of the present age is a *noisiness* of colors, a tumultuous heaping-up of effects, violent *peripetie* and an abrupt juxtaposition of the lights and shades, rendering superfluous that supreme good taste which knows how to prepare and gradually lead up to emotion—in the same manner as rich fruit ripens slowly on the branch where God has placed it. In life, as well as in the works of the mind, nothing is more uncommon at the present day than a distant horizon, over which light distributes its tints equally, conducting the eye slowly towards a desired point. This ascending progression of sonorosity, increasing by movement, and suddenly bursting into a mass of electric light—in a word, the *crescendo* which Rossini has so much abused—is found everywhere; in political events and moral life, quite as much as in matters of imagination. By his good qualities, as by his defects, Rubini belonged to his time and to the school of music which has expressed the tendencies of it.

Queen Marie Antoinette is reported to have one day asked Sacchini, whether Garat, the famous singer, was a good musician. "No," replied the *maestro*, he is not a musician; but he is music itself." This happy remark of the author of *Edipus in Colonus* might have been applied to Rubini also. His instinct was so perfect and so sure; his ear so quick and so delicately susceptible of seizing the most fugitive tints as they swept past, that, in order to perceive the defects of his musical education, a person must have lived on terms of the most intimate friendship with him. Before the public, or in the most difficult concerted piece—such, for instance, as the sestet in *Don Giovanni*, Rubini never betrayed the slightest hesitation. He even manifested the docility of a child in following the movements any one was kind enough to point out to him; and would frequently say to his comrades and the conductor of the orchestra, if they appeared to consult him upon the propriety or suitability of a rhythm: "Never mind me; go on, I will follow you." Such instances of artists of eminence scarcely able to decipher a few notes of music, but divining by instinct the most profound combinations of genius, are a phenomenon which has often been witnessed in Italy. Ansani, M. Lablache's master, at the Conservatory of Naples, did not literally understand a single note. His pupils were obliged to sing and teach him by heart the piece of music on which they wanted his advice. Davide junior, Mad. Pasta, and a great many other celebrated singers, were almost in as bad a position. We could cite far more remarkable instances of the power of intuition in the arts of Genius, as Voltaire terms them; and it would be an easy task to prove that the greatest things in this world are the result of instinctive perception. This is why poetry is the essence of all that is beautiful and durable.

Rubini was a man of simple and reserved manners, fond of living in the privacy of his home. In 1819, he married at Milan a French singer, Mdlle. Chomel, who was educated at the Conservatory in Paris, where she received lessons from Garat. This marriage, which appears to have been a happy one, so absorbed the affections of Rubini, that one of his greatest causes for fear was the dread of awaking his wife's jealousy. After singing one of his favorite airs, and exciting the transports of the public, he would, on going off at the wings, where all present crowded around him to express their admiration, quickly escape into his dressing room, in order, as he used to say, laughingly, to avoid a family quarrel. The most rigid mother could not have given her own son better advice than that Rubini gave to the young tenors who meant to embrace the profession of the stage. And it is true that, in order to sing well and long, we must not forget the hidden sense of the verse in which Juvenal, speaking of a Greek singer, Thyrsogonus, who had lost his voice, says:

"—sunt quæ
Thyrsogonus cantare votent."

Rubini took great care of himself. Temperate and easily satisfied, he avoided all excess. The days on which he performed, he used to dine at two o'clock, and then proceeding to the theatre, sleep till six, at which hour his servant woke him; he then dressed, and appeared fresh and in admirable condition before the public, and this was the means of his preserving

*So in the original.

the freshness and power of his voice up to the day of his death. We have been assured that, during the ten years he spent in St. Petersburg, having no longer any care for the future, Rubini created effects unknown to his admirers in Paris, London, and Milan.

Rubini was of middling size, and rather stoutly built. His broad shoulders supported a head whose characteristic was not precisely nobleness; but when his face, seamed with the small pox, once lighted up by the power of song, the somewhat vulgar man was suddenly changed into the sublime artist, whose affections the most beautiful woman in Europe would have been glad to possess. Such is the marvellous force of inspiration and sentiment—

"Du moment qu'on aime
On devient si doux."

Rubini had two brothers, one of whom obscurely pursued the same career as himself, while the other remained a singer in a church. As he has left no children, his immense fortune will, no doubt, go to enrich his nephews.

The part of the country where Rubini was born has produced, at different times, the most celebrated tenors of Italy. It was from this province of the ancient Venetian Republic, in which Bergamo is situated, that Viganoni, Davide, father and son, Nozzari, Bianchi, Donzelli, and Bordogni sprang. The worthy successors of these great artists, Rubini, raised himself to the rank of the first dramatic singer of his day. Gifted with an admirable voice and superior instinct, he quickly guessed the secrets of his art, and astonished Europe by the splendor and fluidity of his vocalization, and the charm, perfect intonation and great force of his tones. Understanding every style and every master, as familiar with the music of Mozart and Cimarosa as with that of Rossini and Donizetti, he was fortunate enough to meet, at the outset of his career, a young composer, whose melodic genius was eminently suited to the nature of his own talent and sensitive disposition. The author of *Il Pirata* and *La Sonnambula*, as inexperienced in the art of composing as Rubini in the faculty of reading music, found in his heart the new and touching melodies which established his own fame and that of his interpreter.

Bellini and Rubini, names so soft and charming to the ear, you will go down to future ages united by an indissoluble bond, as a double instance of the superiority of poetry and sentiment over the artifices of mere art and intention. Both were children of gracefulness and nature. Bellini, a pupil of genius, discovered by instinct harmonies as delicate and penetrating as his melodies, while Rubini, like an inspired singer, when rendering the music of his favorite composer, appeared to be expressing the *nave* emotions of his own heart.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1854.

Mrs. Charles Moulton.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, in the *Woman's Journal*, has the following womanly, wise word of greeting for the singer:

A woman with a beautiful voice and a beautiful person, coming to us with legends of a court which we cannot approve, and whose sanction of her merit we consider superfluous. Art, however, is at once sovereign and democratic. Louis Napoleon could add nothing to Mrs. Moulton's true value as an artist, but he could take nothing away from it.

We remember her as a young girl, delighting parlor audiences with her amateur performances, which were felt to have a real artistic quality in them. The friends of art then, equally with her own, desired that she should adopt music as a profession. For the time, however, her life was otherwise ordered. She married and remained abroad, and it is now as a wife and mother that she comes before us, with the honorable intention of earning pecuniary independence for herself and those dependent upon her, by placing her remarkable gifts within the scope of the public service. Still young, handsome, and with her fine voice improved by careful culture, Mrs. Moulton stands before us, inspiring a tender interest and sympathy which may come nearer to her than can the louder verdict of the crowd. She has been in kings' palaces, where genius and beauty such as hers are cherished and flattered. Her smile tells us of the easy victories of that brilliant society, and its occasions. But she has now a crabbed and severe master to please, the public, that takes up where it laid not down, and gathers where it has not strewed. Some lessons this hard task-master has to give, costly but invaluable. Mrs. Moulton must encounter these with courage and with patience, and learn to attain a larger and more comprehensive sweep of art than the most clever *dilettante* can command. We shall hope to see her attach herself to her profession with the zeal of a strong and a long love. With her natural

advantages, with her feminine grace and tact, she should be able to interpret for us the great music, the music into whose *penetralia* rare artists alone can enter. We shall be glad to see her tread the lyric stage in the mantle of "Semiramide," or in the disguise of "Fidelio." We shall also hope to hear her in the Handel and Bach music, which tasks the whole nature and power of an artist so severely. Great art is great interpretation. We shall require this from our American song bird, and shall be satisfied with none other. No ordinary achievement will be a success for Mrs. Moulton, and she must remember this in all that she gives the public, and in all that she promises.

Her voice is of the purest and most flexible quality, her intonation is happy, and her vocalization at once easy and accurate. Her singing of the ballad, "Tender and true," on Saturday evening last, evinced a true power of simple tragic expression, while in the song, "Beware, beware," and in the duo from "Don Pasquale," she gave us glimpses of a brilliant comic vein.

So our word to her, independent of the flatteries and fault-findings of the press at large, must be this: "Choose great things, sister. With the power of a gifted woman and the spirit of a little child, you can achieve them, not otherwise." J. W. H.

The Worcester Palladium says of Mrs. Moulton:

This gifted singer came to us, in concert, on Friday evening, with a voice surpassingly beautiful; one that lingers in the memory like the sudden outburst of the lark or nightingale, and often comes to one in recollection, like the fragrance of a rare exotic. The press has been wild over her success, and well it might be, for she has few equals, either in voice or method. Her voice, not a great one, is sweet, full, sympathetic, and wonderfully clear. Her low tones, unusually rich and resonant, her high notes clear, melodious and limpid. Her execution perfect; used as a means of expressing her song, and not to evince her perfect vocalization, she has a soul behind it, which makes one forget the execution in the sentiment of her song. Her "Bel Raggio" was an instance: making one note the matter instead of the manner. Blumenthal's "La Capricciosa" afforded exhibition of her rare vocal capacities; her rare delicacy of expression, and refinement of delivery making it a triumph. And the little ballad, "Tender and true," showed the voice with a "tear in it," and much depth of feeling. With the "Nation" we think her singing reposeful, never thrilling; which is her great charm; as in Mozart one admires the wonderful placidity and perfection of his art. There seems but one thing to detract from pure enjoyment: at times too strong a personality forcing itself between the audience and the song. Could she throw herself wholly into the background, the enjoyment would be perfect.

A WANT OF THE SOUL. The New York Tribune asks:

Have we or not, ever noticed the Flower Mission in Boston? If we have, a second mention will do no harm. The work of the ladies carrying on this Mission is to distribute fruit and flowers among the sick in the poorer homes and in hospitals. Never was a more fragrant Annual Report. The ladies during the year have carried to the ill and suffering 11,671 nosegays and 673 parcels of fruit. There was a particular distribution of 2,075 pond lilies. Outside the city, 34 towns sent contributions. There is a branch of the Mission in Chelsea and another in Cambridge. And why should not alms-giving have its poetical side? As in everything else, it is true that the prose of charity is of the first importance—it is of small use (if we may use Goldsmith's illustration) to send ruffles to those who have no shirts. The blankets, the flannels, the bread, the beef-tea, the coals, must have precedence; but when we find ladies bearing flowers to the stricken objects of their compassion, we may be sure that the weightier matters of relief will not be neglected. Delicate attentions and graceful ministrations show that those who promote them have fully comprehended the wants both of the body and the soul.

Leipzig Fairs and Music.

(Correspondence of the Springfield Republican).

LEIPZIG, October 9, 1871.

Two cities could scarcely be more unlike each other than Leipzig during the fair is unlike Leipzig at any other time. When the fair is not here, this is as pleasant and quiet a city as one could easily find; of about 90,000 inhabitants, whose citizens are, as a rule, well dressed, well behaved, and walk the streets quietly and soberly, minding their own affairs, and

allowing other people the same privilege. There are large open squares in the newer part of the city, ornamented with statues, shrubbery and fountains, and the wide streets and promenades are, some of them, very handsome—but during the fairs everything is quite changed. All the beautiful open squares, the spacious Ross-platz, Augustus-platz, and the market-place are filled with rough wooden buildings and booths, which spring up as if by magic on every available spot of unoccupied ground in the city. All the streets, which are wide enough to admit of it, have a row of booths each side of them, leaving only space enough for carriages to pass in the centre; and even the resident merchants and shopkeepers, a large number of them, leave their shops and rent them to the stranger—merchants and traders who come by thousands from all parts of Germany to buy and sell, and barter and bargain for all sorts of things.

There are three of these gigantic fairs each year; one at Easter, one at Michaelmas and one at New Year's. The Easter and Michaelmas fairs have taken place annually for nearly 700 years, and are much larger than the one at New Year's, which was established later, in the 15th century. Each fair lasts four weeks, and during that time the number of strangers here often equals the entire number of the population. As might well be supposed, all the houses in the city where *Mess-fremden* are taken, are crowded to the very last degree. Theatres and all places of public amusement are filled to overflowing, though the price of seats is double what it is at other times. The streets are thronged, and in threading one's way through the busy crowd one gets rudely jostled by all sorts of strange-looking people, and sees such queer, quaint-looking faces and figures and costumes; peasants from Altenburg and various provinces near here, each of which has a costume quite peculiar to itself; old Jewish men with long white beards and dark, sinister looking faces, and one of whom would make a perfect picture of a "Shylock" or a "Fagin"; Hungarians, Turks and now and then a Greek. The booths and shops are filled with everything that one can think of, that it is possible to bring here. All kinds of clothing, ready-made garments, and all the materials from which clothing is made; furs from Russia and America, laces and all kinds of fine needle-work, silks, velvets, bonnets and hats, boots and shoes, and such quantities of German slippers,—if you know what those comfortable, nag-gainly things are,—glass-ware, china-ware and the most beautiful painted porcelain from Dresden, and such wonderful carving in wood, done by the Swiss peasants; books, pictures, both for sale and on exhibition—everything, everything is to be seen here for sale during the fair. Notwithstanding all the sights to be seen and all the bustle and activity which the fair brings, every one is glad when it is over, and Leipzig subsides into its own natural size, and the streets are once more cleared of the ugly black booths—the boards of which they are made look as if they had been used for the same purpose for at least 700 years—and everything seems so refreshingly quiet and orderly after all the noise and confusion.

After having enjoyed the beautiful rendering of the "Magic Flute," "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Juan," which were respectively the sixth, seventh and eighth of the Mozart operas given here in the early autumn, it seemed very odd to read in a September number of "Dwight's Journal of Music" that "the projected 'model performances' of Mozart's operas at Leipzig, which were to have been given during the present month, have all ended in smoke." The stars who were to sing at these performances have forwarded medical certificates to the effect that the state of their health imperiously demands their abstention from all professional exertion and their immediate presence at some watering-place. In all except the last two operas, Peschka-Leutner, the Leipzig favorite, was the prima-donna, and in the "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Juan" Pauline Lucca sang, in the first part of "Cherubino," and in the other that of "Zerlina." The musical critics here seem to owe Lucca a grudge because she will take liberties with the music, in order to make it conform to her acting, and they are hardly fair in their judgment of her powers, some of them even placing Peschka-Leutner above her, which is certainly a great injustice. In the parts of Cherubino and Zerlina, Lucca is charming and bewitching; her singing and acting are both so perfectly natural, that seeing her in one of those characters, the simple peasant girl Zerlina, or the piquant little page Cherubino, one would not believe her capable of interpreting a great tragic role. In person she is small and most exquisitely formed; her face is small and oval, the eyes large and deep in color, the mouth wonderfully mobile, and the whole face quite child-like and wearing an almost infantile sweetness of expression.

Her voice being more remarkable for its sweetness and flexibility and freshness of tone than for strength or quantity, one would say that it was impossible for her to do justice to a tragic role, but it is in reality only in such an one that her powers fully show themselves. In the part of Selika, in Meyerbeer's opera of "L'Africaine," she is superb and fully justifies the assertion of the critics—elsewhere than in Leipzig—that she is the greatest actress in the world. The music and the acting seem with her to go hand in hand, and neither one to be secondary to the other, but each the complement of the other, and so perfectly united and blended that one cannot tell in which she is the greater artist; and when such an artist as Lucca finds that it better suits her interpretation of certain passages to vary the tempo slightly, or make one note a little longer and another a little shorter than it is written, she has a right to take this liberty with the music, which a lesser artist would not have.

The concert season is just beginning, and on last Thursday came the first of the annual series of concerts in the Gewand-haus. In the very heart of the city there stands an old, dilapidated looking stone building, black with the rust and mould of centuries, with small, deep-set windows, heavily barred on the outside with iron, and in the centre of this building there is a small hall, capable of seating about one thousand people. Here it is that the rare music of the Gewand-haus concerts has swelled into such perfect harmony that the echoes of it have reached the whole civilized world. The hall is not nearly large enough to accommodate the number of people who wish to attend these concerts, and it is impossible for a stranger or a new-comer in the city to obtain any place in the "large hall."

These seats are handed down from one generation to another, as heir-looms in the families here, and the only place one can get is in the "small hall" leading from the large one, where it is not possible to see the musicians, but where one can hear the music perfectly well; and, if going for the music's sake alone, not being able to see the orchestra takes little from the enjoyment of the concert. It seems strange that in so musical a city as Leipzig there should be no music hall combining the wonderful acoustic properties of the Gewand-haus with a size more adequate to the numbers of the audience. The programme of Thursday's concert was, in the first part, "Suite in D," by Bach, aria from "Mitene," by Rossi, sung by Miss Cora Fehrmann, from Richmond, Va., concerto for piano by Lisolt, played by Mr. Theodore Lescheltzki, (pronounce that name if you can!) from St. Petersburg; second part, Beethoven's C minor symphony.

One more little jotting about Leipzig, before closing. The University in this city, which was founded in the early part of the fifteenth century, and is one of the oldest and largest in Germany—it has at present about 1500 students—has just opened its doors to women, and, this year, three young Russian women have passed examination and entered, one as a student of political economy, one of the natural sciences, and the other of chemistry. It will certainly soon be proved to the world, if it has not already been done, whether it is a wise plan or not, for men and women to study together in colleges and all institutions of learning; and let us hope that if the answer is in the affirmative, our American colleges will no longer hesitate to open their doors to all, irrespective of sex or race, and with only one standard, that of intelligence. M. A. T.

JULLIEN II. The following from the *Evening Gazette*, a few weeks since, is good enough to be kept.

On Wednesday night, Jullien's Orchestra gave a concert at Music Hall under the patronage of the "Boston Lyceum." What claim Mr. Louis George Jullien had to call the orchestra his, we are at a loss to imagine, seeing that a large proportion of the performers were resident musicians. But that is a mere trifle. There were some forty executants, but had there been one hundred and forty they would have been equally blotted out in the dazzling glare of the great sun in their midst. Nothing but Jullien was seen. There was nothing but Jullien. It was dangerous to look at so brilliant a meteor with the naked eye, but as smoked glass could not be procured, we risked everything in our desire to look at the great luminary of the musical world. Mr. Louis George J. is a worthy successor to his father in his capacity to extract the largest amount of capital from the smallest amount of individual talent. But the son excels the father; for, while the latter gained a high repute upon nothing, the former enjoys one upon less. The contrast between Jullien père and Jullien fils is similar to that between Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.

The latter puts on the jack-boots and cocked-hat of his uncle, and fancies the world will mistake him for the great man. Jullien, *filis*, exhibits a gorgeous desert of shirt-bosom, continued almost to infinity through the agency of an enormous coat-lapel covered with white silk, and fancies he will be taken for his father's peer, while he is only a faint reminiscence. To a certain extent the resemblance is perfect: the one was, the other is, a musical charlatan. The airy conceit with which Mr. Louis George J. faced the audience, with a languid look of misanthropy, intended to do service for an expression of the vanity and hollowness of all mundane joys, was inimitably touching. As he sank into his chair at the conclusion of each morceau, his royal shirt-bosom beaming with undimmed splendor upon the audience, a buzz of admiration sped on zephyr wings through the hall. We were impressed to rush wildly to Parker's to procure a dish of stewed canary-birds, a flask of the choicest milk and water he had in his well-stocked cellar, and a silver-mounted pap spoon, with which to refresh the prostrated child of genius. With what a feeling of pride he must have looked at the statue of Beethoven, and paraphrased the words attributed to Correggio: "And I too am a musician!" With what grace Mr. L. G. J. wielded the baton! When waving it about in the air, he appeared to be spreading a pat of invisible butter upon a slice of invisible bread. The orchestra, evidently bent upon rendering the music properly, paid no heed to him, but kept their eyes riveted on their books. The result was that the music was played with a tolerable degree of nicety, but not such a degree as to create very wild enthusiasm on the part of the listeners. What did Shakspeare mean by asking, "What's in a name?" There is everything in a name when that name is Jullien, even when there is nothing in the possessor of it but "cheek" of right royal magnitude. Soft breezes waft thee back to New York again, L. G. J., and hurricanes spout to keep thee evermore from Boston!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 18, 1871.

First Symphony Concert.

The Harvard Musical Association, true to its College origin and culture, and persevering in its effort to establish concerts of the highest music, of which the programmes and the whole arrangement shall be governed by a pure artistic motive, that so they may truly elevate and educate the listening community, still reaps its rich reward (now for the seventh year) in seeing its great hall filled with the most intelligent, refined, attentive, sympathetic audience that any Art occasion ever draws together in this city of free schools. And the beauty of it is, that all this interest has been kept up, from the first, without any compromise with ignorant false taste, or any catering to cheap applause. The success of the original design and motive has been in this respect most signal; from year to year it gains significance and power. Thus far these concerts stand, and may they ever stand, in imperturbable, calm opposition to the musical speculations, in which not art, not music, but money and applause and personal renown are the chief ends. The travelling virtuosos and their lords the "agents," the musical adventurers and showmen know it; so do the disturbers of the peace with "monster" jubilees uncalled for; and some of them no doubt regard the presence of any such school in the midst of a coveted field for their own operations with as little favor, and as uncomfortable a feeling, as our late slave-holding brethren regarded all attempts to educate the people. For the effect of all true culture, through good examples kept long in the foreground, is to create a quiet, wholesome, steady interest in music, a never failing, never feverish, satisfaction (economical withal, materially and morally) in the best things, and an habitual aversion to great excitements and parade occasions, made so frequent by these schemes that the exceptional becomes the every-day experience.

A concert in which a serene, harmonious, happy sphere of art and music reigns is something very different from those we get from artists in the hot pursuit of fame and fortune. The latter give you a miscellaneous succession of brilliant separate things, each a triumph in itself (we will suppose), each encored and repeated without the least regard to the remainder of the programme, or to any unity of im-

pression from an artistic evening as a whole: so that the sphere is continually disturbed and broken; you have had so many little several excitements, but no pure hour of beauty and of heaven. In the former, the ideal reigns; music, and not a person, claims attention; the atmosphere is all harmonious and tranquil, not disturbed by personal appeals; the artist is willing to be forgotten in the art; the programme (subject-matter of the concert) is the first consideration, the execution second, the performer last, who, losing himself in his ideal task, wins all the more esteem in the long run. Such a concert is an hour or two of sweet, ideal life, enjoyed in quiet sympathy by many sitting in a charmed sphere, the cares and discords of the world shut out. The concert that produces this effect, even without brilliant stars or meteors, is a good one. And such a concert, so far as we could read the general impression, was, to a considerable degree, the first of the ten Symphony Concerts in the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9. The audience, in spite of the unprecedented number and high claims of concert-givers, was about as numerous and as fine as ever; possibly a hundred fewer seats were filled than there were last year, but the difference was inappreciable. A deeper interest in the music was never shown, and it held out to the last note of the programme, which was this:

1. Overture to "The Water Carrier".....Cherubini.
2. Concert Aria, No. 6,—Recit: "Ch'io mi scordi"; Andante and Rondo: "Non temer, amato bene," With Piano and Orchestra accompaniment.....Mozart.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
3. Entr'acte from "Manfred".....Schumann.
4. Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella".....Schubert.
1. Songs with Piano-forte:
 - a. "Con rauco mormorio," from "Rodelinda." Arranged by Robert Franz.
Handel.
 - b. "Aprilläunen." April Humors. Op. 44, No. 2.....Franz.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
2. Pastoral Symphony, No. 6.....Beethoven.

The orchestra (slightly reduced, as well as changed by substitutes, owing to a distant engagement of some of its members, of which the management were not apprised in season) numbered on this occasion just fifty musicians. All its departments were complete, however, though now and then perhaps a want of the old weight and fullness in the basses might be felt; two of the violoncellos and one of the contrabasses being absent. But it proved itself in excellent working condition for so early in the season; practice will make more perfect. And it is gratifying to find that, in spite of the removal from Boston of such artists as Mr. Listemann, Mr. Eitz, the fagottist, and a few more, the composition of our orchestra is on the whole more nearly perfect than it ever was before. The presence of Mr. EICHBERG at the head of the violins,—a veritable *Concertmeister*, of the right spirit, with plenty of knowledge, experience and influence, as well as weight of character both as a musician and a man—is in itself a power; a solid gain indeed, for the peculiar power of his predecessor lay in his remarkable virtuosity as a solo playing violinist, for which he will find sphere in the Thomas concerts everywhere. The first violins (this time 9) were all good and moved in admirable unison. The middle strings, though purposely reduced in number, have gained in positive precision, without loss of power and volume. The 'cellos were but four, both Fries and Heindl being absent, who, however, will return; but with the important acquisition of Mr. HARTDEGEN, and with Mr. SUCK still at his post, they made their presence palpable throughout. The flutes, the clarinets especially, with Mr. WEBER for the first, were never better, while in the new first oboist, Herr KUTZLER we have not only the true pastoral hautboy tone and under delicate control, but a right artist feeling for the true in music. The brass was never in so good condition, particularly the trombones, whose native boisterousness is now properly subdued. Even in the tympani we witness an improvement.

Now, with the absent ones returned, and with a few weeks more of practice, the prospect is of nicer, more effective orchestral performance than our city ever yet has realized in trusting to its own resources. As it was, the rendering of the several orchestral

numbers, though not entirely without flaws, was on the whole very satisfactory, and Mr. ZERRAHN, considering the absences and the short period of rehearsal, had his musicians well in hand. We are not sure that we ever before in Boston have so fully realized the perfect art and poetry and beauty of the Pastoral Symphony. The delicate light and shade of the first movement, which is the very breath of Summer in the fields, was carefully and happily preserved; the musing reverie by the "brookside" (*Andante*) has seldom sung itself more feelingly and to more sympathetic, flowing, rich accompaniment, or woke out of its dream to the quaint realism of the bird notes more literally and nicely imitated. Nor was there ever more contagious jollity in the magnetic rhythm of the Scherzo, more sense of moisture in the rainy air, more startling grandeur in the rumbling thunder and the lightnings of the "Storm." The little obligato passages of flute, clarinet, oboe, fagotto, horn especially, were noticeable for their certainty and delicacy of outline; and we yet feel the throb of those *pizzicatos* of the 'cellos in the homeward thronging movement of the final Allegretto. The audience at these concerts has always been noted for its close attention, but scarcely ever have we seen all so keep their seats, listening as if transported, to the last note of a long Symphony when it came last upon the programme. Indeed the *Pastorale* was as grateful as so much return of all that there is best in Summer,—the soul of Summer, so to speak, after November chills and winter warnings.

If the Symphony Concerts had done no other service, it would be something to have kept the sterling, never hacknied Overtures of Cherubini so much before the public;—not three of them (as a critic in the Gazette states, counting the "Wasserträger" twice by different names), but actually six, and most of them repeatedly; to wit: the "Water Carrier," (5 or 6 times), "Anacreon" (do.), "Medea" (3 times) "Les Abencerrages," "Faniska," and (yet to come this winter) "Lodoiskae." All but the first of these were introduced here for the first time in these Concerts. The "Water Carrier" overture is one of the noblest, most genial and inspiring compositions of its kind, and fit to "inaugurate" a season of great instrumental music. For the first year or two it was deeply enjoyed by the "select few," but now, (thanks to the "perseverance of the saints") no overture, except by Beethoven, is more sure of a general welcome. This time the basses perhaps were not strong enough for all the solemn grandeur of their unisons in the introduction, while more vigor of the vanishing accent might have added to the clearness of the short nervous phrases; but the production as a whole was telling, and the climax of the *tutti* near the end of the quick movement was superb.

The *Zwischenact* from the "Manfred" music, of which we had too brief a single taste last season, was this time played twice over, making itself felt as a most exquisite little gem of purely imaginative composition. It was one of Schumann's inspired moments. Shall we not some day hear the "Manfred" music a whole, with Byron's poem read? Surely our two specimens (the overture and this pearl of an entr'acte) justify the hope.

Schubert's Overture to one of his two grand serious operas, "Alfonso and Estrella," given for the first time in this country, opens majestically, and is for the most part grandiose and brilliant, piling chord on chord in most exciting crescendo, relieved by a bit of quaint, sunshiny melody on which another fondly waits. But the prevailing tone is earnest and heroic; what could the critic have been thinking of who called it "humorous, sly and rollicking!" It was splendidly played and commonly accepted as quite worthy of its author; only it is more concise and quickly over than is Schubert's wont.

The vocal pieces, also, were all heard here for the first time. The Concert Aria by Mozart (No. 6 of the twelve published by Breitkopf and Härtel) is one of the noblest of them all and full of the Mozartean charm, rising at times to a like purity and grandeur with the great passages of Donna Anna. It is peculiar in having an independent piano-forte part which

stands out before the beautiful orchestral accompaniment. Mozart in his own catalogue says: "Written for Mlle. Stora and me;" he evidently liked the singer and wanted to play to her song in a sense somewhat nearer than the other instruments. The music is ornate and trying for the voice. Mrs. BARRY showed a full appreciation of its sense and beauty, singing it with soul and feeling, but with so much effort for her comparatively light voice that many thought her singing cold. Sometimes, however, a tone or two came out in warm, rich color and with telling power, particularly in the noble recitative. The air by Handel was precisely suited to her, being Handelian in the simplest, largest sense, and it was sung with beautiful effect, enhanced by the apt accompaniment which Robert Franz knows so well how to read between the lines of the original score which is but Handel's sketch. This was followed in fine playful contrast by the Franz song: "April'aunen," in which the lover likens the caprices of his mistress to the shifting moods of April weather; and into the fine humor, as well as the subtle music of it, the singer entered heartily and charmingly. The piano accompaniment in all these pieces was always near and true and clearly felt in Mr. LEONHARD's intelligent and genial rendering.

The second concert, for next Thursday, will begin with the *Leonore* Overture commonly called "No. 1," but which was written later than the others, and will end with the great *Leonore*, No. 3. Two movements of a Concerto for the Violoncello, by Goltermann, played (for the first time) by Mr. HARTDEGEN, and a fine Mozart Symphony (No. 6, in C), better known here to four hand players than through an orchestra, will fill out the first part. In Part Second, preceding the great Overture, will come the fascinating *Aria and Gavotte* from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D; and, for a unique, quaint novelty, a short Concerto for the oboe (hautboy) by Handel, played by Mr. KUTZLEB.

N.B.—The Public Rehearsal is unavoidably changed (for once) to MONDAY, instead of Tuesday next, at 2 P.M.

Of the first LEONHARD and EICHBERG Matinée next time. We go to press while it is taking place.

Mrs. CHARLES MOULTON continued to attract and charm a large and cultivated, if to some extent a partial, audience to the end of her five concerts. This in itself was rare success for one whose triumphs hitherto had only been in private. Surely there can be no question of the remarkable beauty of her voice; nor of its sufficiency for any vocal task that is not quite exceptional; nor of her artistic, finished execution. She sings like one who is by nature musical; sings with freedom and with joy, and revels bird-like in the mazes of luxurious florid melody. Not one of the deep-souled singers, who give expression to great passion or devotion, the highest aspiration of her art is but to please, and she is happy in applause. But she can sing a sober, sweet air simply, purely, whether it come from a deep inward feeling or not; for example the song by Pease: "Tender and true, adieu." In Schumann's impassioned "Du meine Seele," though there was no lack of warmth and color in the tones, the sacred fire was hardly present. We still like her best in the luxurious Rossini music. Her singing of "Di piacer" was admirable, as well as of "Bell' raggio," which she has repeated. And in the light comic opera scenes with Sig. FERRANTI (from "L'Elisir," *Crispino*, &c.) she is perfectly at home and sings with a bewitching grace and humor. We are inclined to qualify our exception to her rendering of the arch little song: "Beware"; on repetition it did not seem to us so much overdone after all.

What we chiefly fail to find in Mrs. Moulton's public effort thus far is, as we have said before, the evidence of any serious, whole-souled surrender of herself to Art,—high, earnest and ideal Art, which whether technically secular or sacred, is none the less religious. So far she seems not drawn to the great classical creations of the master spirits. Nor are the programmes of her concerts worthy of a really musical and cultivated audience. She has, for instance, an admirable violinist, masterly in execution, in

purity and breadth of tone, in the power of re-producing melodies of marked, contrasted character upon the strings; witness the wild song of Mephistopheles, and "The last Rose of Summer," which he does to perfection;—but why must he always play such an amount of trash and senseless tricks of virtuosity? Why, after Mr. WEHLI has disciplined "Sweet Home" for a quarter of an hour with his left hand, must Signor SARASATE, on the same evening, torture the poor tune again through all sorts of fantastic, even grotesque variations, making it squeal in *altissimo* or whine like a puppy, precisely as he does the Carnival of Venice? He is an artist capable of better things, and to a not vulgar audience he owes his best. Mr. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER's ballads, too, are not particularly interesting, though he has a tenor voice both powerful and sweet, and sings such songs as "Macgregor's Gathering" and the "Bay of Biscay" with a ringing tone and great abandon, and can sentimentalize with delicacy in a love song; but he is given to mouthing, and has some of the worst faults of the conventional English school. He was happiest in the duet from "L'Elisir" with Sig. FERRANTI. The extravagances of this funny *buffo* we can forgive, at least endure, because he is so genuine; he only acts his nature out, and he is full of humor, as of music and of good boy-like, ready sympathies.

Could Mrs. Moulton heed and take seriously to heart the sisterly and sound suggestions which we have copied from the *Woman's Journal*, there were a future for her to which we all might look forward with interest. Meanwhile she has our best wishes for her true success.

The new "APOLLO CLUB OF BOSTON" treated their associate members and a few invited friends to a taste of their part-singing quality at Horticultural Hall, on the evening of Nov. 7. There were about forty voices, the finest in their separate quality, and the most musical, sonorous, rich and full in their ensemble, that we remember hardly ever to have heard. They sang a dozen part-songs, including the "Cheerful Wanderer," "Serenade," "The Voyage" and the "Rhine Wine Song," by Mendelssohn, and others by Fischer, Härtel, Maurer, Kücken, Eisenhofer, &c. Mr. LANG, with whom they had had as yet but few opportunities of practice, conducted, and their singing of each and every piece was a model of blended sweetness, refined purity of tone, good light and shade, well tempered power and right expression. We only hope that the assemblage of such excellent material will not content itself with always singing four-part songs, which in the end must grow monotonous even to those who sing them,—perhaps the more monotonous the more exact and polished the performance. The possibilities of composition for male voices only, crowded so closely in a narrow compass, are limited. At the least we trust, and we have little doubt, that this fine body of singers, who all seem to have not only voices, but intelligence and taste, have also aspirations in the future towards larger forms of music, such as the "Antigone" choruses, the "Ode to the Artists," &c., of Mendelssohn, the choruses with horn accompaniment, by Schubert, &c., &c. And if this movement might only prove the first step toward another, more complete and true, and opening a far wider field for art, the coupling with their own of female voices of like excellence, what fine task is there in the range of choral composition that would not lie within their reach!

Mr. J. A. HILLS's first "Piano-forte Recital of Ancient Music," in which he played Trios, Suites, Variations, &c., by Pixis, D. Scarlatti, Handel, Emanuel Bach and Beethoven, deserves more recognition, if only for the respect shown for good music and the entire avoidance of clap-trap, than we have room for now. We hope to see the remaining concerts well attended.

NEXT. Mr. PECK began another triplet of his Popular Concerts last evening, to be continued this afternoon and Monday evening. He has a fine array of artists.

The second PUBLIC REHEARSAL of the SYMPHONY CONCERTS will take place at 2 o'clock on Monday next, instead of the usual day, which will still be Tuesday.

The next great event in order will be a glorious performance of *Elijah* on Saturday, the 25th, by the Handel and Haydn Society, with all the solos sung by Santley, Cummings, Miss Edith Wynne and Madame and Mr. Patey; to be followed the next evening by *Judas Maccabæus*.

THEODORE THOMAS, with his admirable orchestra, enlarged somewhat, and programmes of the usual variety of past, present and "future," of lively and severe, will begin a series of eight concerts in the Music Hall on Friday evening Dec. 1, continuing through the following week.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1. After having expiated her sins, in a kind of musical purgatory. New York seems to be coming into the regions of light and sound. Last year the opera-loving public had to choose between the discomfort of the Stadt Theatre, not to be reached from any civilized quarter except by a long and tedious journey, where the sublime harmony mingles with bad smells, and where one has the pleasing consciousness that he is at any moment liable to share the fate of "La Juive," and artful James's palace, where the entertainments, though invaluable to the student of Anatomy, could hardly be considered as musically pleasing or instructive.

We have already had a short, but very successful, season of English Opera, at the Academy, and four nights of Italian opera, such as was never known in New York; and we are promised much for the future. The Philharmonic Concerts will soon begin, and later, it is said, Theodore Thomas will be here with his admirable orchestra. Nor are the Dolby Ballad Concerts to be lightly esteemed or soon forgotten. Of Oratorio there will be enough for those who are fond of it, although we have nothing like your Handel and Haydn Society.

The season of Italian Opera opened with *Lucia*. For the second night *Faust* was announced, but Miss Nilsson, having taken cold, was unable to sing, and Rossini's "Barber" was substituted, with Mlle. Leon Duval—from the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris—as Rosina. This lady could hardly have appeared under more unfavorable circumstances—as there had been no time for rehearsal, and the audience—cold enough at all times—was rendered morose by the non-appearance of Nilsson.

With all these disadvantages I have to record, for Mlle. Duval, a success which, were it not for some minor defects in her acting, would be unqualified. Her voice is a rich, clear mezzo soprano, perfectly trained, and of such quality that it is a luxury to listen to her. In saying this I merely repeat the judgment that has been already pronounced in London and Paris. That of our own daily press is less favorable—but that must be taken for what it is worth. Capoul, as Almaviva, was the same insouciant gallant whom I remember at the Opera Comique in Paris. The same light, thin voice—and the same detestable trick (?) of running into falsetto. His light love-making is admirable; but in high tragedy he makes an unpleasant impression by seeming (as has been aptly said) to think more of his hair than anything else.* However, as there is no high tragedy in the "Barber," he did very well. Sig. Ronconi acted the part of Figaro with an irresistible comicality which is rarely equalled. On the third opera night *Martha* was given with Miss Nilsson as Martha. But it was only on the fourth night, in *La Traviata*, that she appeared in a role which afforded anything like full scope for her magnificent voice and power. Her Violetta is one of her own creation, divested of the traditional naughtiness and adorned with something of the singer's own purity, and the song was grand and grander, until it culminated in the death scene, which only a genius like her's can make endurable. Her Violetta is broken-hearted: it seems natural and fitting that she should die—and her spirit is borne out upon the sweetness of a song. But there is none of that terrible realism, seen too often upon the stage, which is like a mockery of the one event we are the farthest from understanding.

Much has been said and written of Nilsson's Violetta, and in Paris it is ranked higher than her Marguerite. This estimate, however, is good only for the latitude and longitude of Paris. *Faust* is announced for this evening, and our people may judge differently. A. A. C.

*We beg leave to dissent from this judgment of Capoul. —Ed.

Nilsson in "Don Giovanni!"

The following is from the *Tribune* of Nov. 4.

It was a matter of managerial courtesy to allow Mlle. Corani a night for her formal debut in New York, and nominally the performance last evening is to be considered with special reference to this lady's *Donna Anna*. But in reality the *Zerlina* of Miss Nilsson was the only attraction, and the *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira* were listened to with scant patience. Nobody who has seen Miss Nilsson on the stage will need to be told how she filled the charming role assigned to her. There is a depth in the music of which she seems scarcely conscious, (?) for the strains which Mozart has given to *Zerlina* are not merely pretty and playful, but most beautifully tender, and it is only the superficial characteristics of the part which Miss Nilsson has caught. Still she has caught those characteristics perfectly, such as they

are. She is the sweet, graceful, coquettish peasant girl, a little giddy, a little vain, but loving her block-head *Masetto* very truly, and easily moved by his sorrows and mishaps. Her play with the rustic swain (Ronconi), in the "Batti, batti," was delightful, and the duet with the *Don*, "La ci darem," was equally good, the changes of expression in her face when the gay cavalier surprises her by a declaration of his love being a really remarkable study. Both these numbers were also very sweetly and gracefully sung; but the "Vedrai carino" lacked simplicity and smoothness. Few, however, seemed disposed to be critical, and a better satisfied audience, whenever Miss Nilsson was on the stage, we have rarely seen. The coolness with which *Donna Anna* was received was chilling. Mlle. Corani in truth is not a singer to rouse much enthusiasm, for her voice is neither sweet nor fresh, nor true, and her art is of the crude, explosive variety which never seems so defective as when it is applied to the delicate works of Mozart. Mlle. Duval's *Elvira* was but moderately successful. The music is rather high for her, as the upper register of her voice is sharp and thin, and when over-fatigued it is not always true. M. Barré was an active and pains-taking *Don Giovanni*, but the part is somewhat beyond his abilities. He is good in his way, but his way is a small one. Brignoli was the *Don Ottavio*, having little to do except to sing the "Il mio tesoro," which he did very sweetly. The best of all, after *Zerlina*, was undoubtedly *Leporello*. M. Jamet did justice to this role, not making the farce quite as broad as some others to whom we are accustomed, but acting with unflinching vivacity and some humor, and singing the music admirably. Mr. Hermanns was a sufficiently dignified and sepulchral *Commendatore*. We cannot praise the orchestra very warmly, nor the dresses, nor the stage management. Mr. Strakosch, in his day of prosperity, ought to put away the shabby make-shifts of the past, and when there is to be a masquerade ball on the stage, as there should be in *Don Giovanni's* palace, it would be well to let the guests dress themselves for the occasion. The company at the *Don's* festival last night consisted entirely of peasants in their ordinary working clothes, and it is a curious illustration of the manners of good society at Seville in old times that they all wore straw hats in the ball room throughout the evening. *Ottavio*, *Elvira* and *Donna Anna* were the only maskers out of the whole seventy who had masks.

The production of "Mignon" is now officially announced as close at hand. "Faust" and "La Traviata" are to be repeated next week, and "Martha" will be given at the matinée to-day.

Santley in "Elijah."

Last evening the Harmonic Society performed the work under Dr. Pech's direction, and with the assistance of the members of Mr. Dolby's ballad company. It is almost needless to say that the solo parts were admirably rendered. They were in the hands of the 2 who have made themselves famous in this line of their profession. The part of *Elijah* certainly has never before in this country been sung so well as by Mr. Santley. It is a long and an arduous part, and the voice of many a good singer has given out before the end; but Mr. Santley's last notes were as firm, resonant, and clear as the first. Miss Wynne and Madame Patey have also shown themselves to be accomplished in oratorio as in ballad music.

The Harmonic Society has not yet entirely mastered the oratorio. Certain of the choruses were very well given, but others were faulty. The voices did not take up the points sharply. The notes were attacked too cautiously, and too little attention was paid to the shading and expression. In the parts where the choruses have responsive passages to the solo voice—as for example in that with Madame Patey, "We have heard it with our ears"—The responses were out of time and uncertain. The orchestra was throughout too loud. The effect of many of the best solos was greatly marred by this. Even Mr. Santley, whose voice is as clear as a trumpet, had difficulty sometimes in making himself heard above the accompaniment.

The concerted portions were generally well sung. The choral, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," was repeated, as was also the terzetto, "Lift thine eyes." This latter was very expressively sung by Miss Wynne, Miss Sara Brannen, and Madame Patey. If there was anything amiss in this it was that Madame Patey sang too loud. Beautiful as her voice is, there are times when one may hear too much of it. It also seemed quite needless, not to say a little absurd, for Dr. Pech to beat time for an instrumented trio sung by three persons who so perfectly understood what they were about—especially needless, inasmuch as he must necessarily take his time from them, and not they from him.

Despite the few drawbacks, the performance was, as we have said, a very interesting one. The Society has increased in numbers, manifests an excellent spirit, and is apparently prepared to do what is necessary to make itself a thoroughly efficient body.

The "Elijah" is to be repeated this evening in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music by the same performers.—*Sun*, Nov. 1.

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. Charles H. Jarvis gives this evening, in the Chickering Piano Ware-rooms, the first Soirée of his tenth season, assisted by Mr. Wenzel Kopta, violinist, and Mr. Rudolph Hennig, violoncellist, with this programme:

Piano Solo—Organ prelude and Fugue. Bach.
transcribed by.....List.
Violoncello—Concerto, two movements.....Haydn.
Violoncello—Concerto. E minor.....Lindner.
Piano and Cello—Concert Duo.....Raff.
Piano Solo—"Soirée de Vienne," No. 2. In C major.
Tausig.

Trio—Piano, Violin and Cello, No. 3, B flat.
Rubinstein.

The announcements are ready for the three grand Symphony concerts which Mr. Charles H. Jarvis and Mr. H. Cross propose to give at the Musical Fund Hall. For the first one, to take place December 9th, the following is the programme:

Overture—"Maggio Flute".....Mozart.
Concerto—Piano, "C minor, op. 37".....Beethoven.
Mr. Charles H. Jarvis.
Concerto—Violin, "E minor, op. 64".....Mendelssohn.
Mr. Wenzel Kopta.

Symphony in C.....Schubert.

The second concert will take place February 3d, and the third April 13th. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony will be played at the second, and Schumann's Symphony No. 1 at the third.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn has given the first of his Orchestral Matinées with an orchestra which he has organized and trained. The *Evening Bulletin* (Nov. 10) says:

Except in the rare cases of Jullien's or Theodore Thomas's orchestra, there has never been so good a concert of its kind given here. A band of between forty and fifty thoroughly experienced players, with string, reed, brass and wood instruments, properly balanced, and all practised under the leadership of an enthusiastic and conscientious artist like Mr. Wolfsohn, could not fail to do well. But they did so well, on their first trial before the public, that we feel that the success was worthy of much more than ordinary commendation. This was the programme:

Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven.
Le Reveil du Lion—"Awakening of the Lion."
Morceau Caractéristique. First time.....Kontsky.
Tema e Variazioni, for oboe. First time.....Hummel.
Mr. George Meinberg.
Waltz—"Stories from the Vienna Woods." First time.....Strauss.
Notturmo, from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn.
Imperial March. First time.....Wiegrecht.

Of the performance of the Beethoven Symphony we can only speak in high praise. Each movement was given, not only with technical correctness, but with thorough understanding on the part of the players as well as the director. The C minor symphony is a perfect work in its kind, and the progression, from the brilliant allegro to the majestic and triumphal finale, was never more faithfully represented here than it was by Mr. Wolfsohn's orchestra. The piece succeeding the glorious symphony—Kontsky's *Reveil du Lion*—is in strong contrast; but we know of scarcely any orchestral piece of popular style that is so abounding in picturesque descriptive effects.

The new oboist, Mr. George Meinberg, whom Mr. Wolfsohn brought with him from Berlin last summer, is an artist of rare skill. His instrument is one requiring great delicacy of feeling as well as of execution, and he fulfills these and all other requirements most satisfactorily. Hummel's familiar, old-fashioned air, with variations, has never sounded so pleasantly as it does when played on the oboe by such a perfect master of that instrument. The new Strauss waltz, in which there is a quaint, pretty passage for the zither, delighted every one. The selection from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was only slightly marred by a want of smoothness in the first horn. The new "Imperial March," by Wiegrecht, is a most stirring composition, which might have been inspired by a victory like Sedan. Played by such a magnificent band as that which Mr. Wolfsohn has brought together, its effect is most inspiring.

The large number of cultivated men and women who have encouraged Mr. Wolfsohn in his ambition to get up a first-class grand orchestra in Philadelphia must feel fully rewarded and thoroughly gratified with the success of his first concert.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sweet Heather Bell. Song and Cho. 3. G to 9. Loesch 30

Popular and pleasing ballad.
Love's Caresses. 2. Eb to c. Conolly 30
Good and effective for a voice of low compass.

Gracious Father, hear thy Children. Duet, Soprano and Tenor. 4. A to a. Warren 60
Well-wrought and effective, and has an accompaniment for Piano or Organ, with changes of stops plainly marked.

Cleansing Fires. 3. Eb and C to e. Gabriel 35
"Let thy Gold be cast in the Furnace,
Thy red Gold precious and bright."
Good advice, beautifully expressed.

Moonlight Waltz. 2. Bb to e. Davies 30
Comic. Spirited, and good melody.

'T was like a Spirit's sigh. Song and Chorus. 3. Bb to e. Taylor 35

"So soft, 't was like a Spirit's sigh,
Borne on the evening breeze."
In popular style, and with very pretty and varied chorus.

Down by the Brook. 3. G to e. Pabst 35
"A youth and a maiden, both in their teens,
Talking Love-nonsense, down by the Brook."
Uncommonly sweet and taking.

The Knott Family. 2. Eb to e. Poole 30
A quiet comic song about a family at whose fortunes you can laugh;—why Knott?

I'm a Paddy Whack. 3. F to f. Fuller 35
Song of a frisky Paddy, and more natural and Irish-like than the average.

Never trouble Trouble till Trouble troubles you. 2. F to f. Wellman 30
Pretty melody, and may be sung easily, all but the last line, which is full of "trouble."

The Old Man of the Mountain. 3. Eb to e. M'Neal 30

"Unmoved I've stood on this old rock
Mide't lightning flash and thunder shock."
Effective for bass or baritone voice.

Ma Mere était Bohémienne. (My Mother was a Gypsy.) 6. Ab to a. Masse 50
Ma madre fu zingarella, is the Italian title of this fine piece, which furnishes the material for one of Mrs. Moulton's triumphs. Melow, bright, "floating" melody, and not alarmingly difficult, except in the cadenza.

Instrumental.

Morning in the Woods. (Matinée dans le Bois.) Caprice Improvisé. 5. Bb. Ketterer 60

Allegresse. Allegro-Scherzando. 5. D. " 40
Mandolinata Fantasia Quasi Capriccio. 5. F. Ketterer 60

Three pieces by this skilful composer. When well played they must be charming. The first introduces a few wild wood-land sounds, and the last two are very light and graceful.

Blue Danube. Waltz. 6. D. Trans. by Wehli. 1.00
Neck and Neck. Galop. 6. Eb. " 75

Polka Bohémienne. 6. Eb. " 1.00
Marche des Vivandières. Morceau descriptif.

6. Db. Wehli. 1.00
Floating on the Breeze. Romance. 7. G. " 75

Five brilliant concert pieces. Those who can play well enough will need no urging to try them, as music of that grade, so new and so good, does not often appear.

Up to Time. Galop. 3. F. Hart 30
If played "up to time" will receive your "hart"y approbation.

Life let us Cherish. Waltz. 3. Strauss 75
Strauss's style seems to change slightly, and inclines more to popular melodies, but does not lose its resonant brilliancy.

Minne-haha Mazourka. 3. Eb. Auerbach 30
A graceful and tasteful morcean.

Books.

SECOND MOTETTE COLLECTION. By Dudley Buck. Price, in Cloth, \$2.75; Boards, \$2.50

Those who have examined it praise it highly, and it is, without doubt, one of the most satisfactory collections that has appeared. Mr. Buck escaped [with the loss of his goods] from the Chicago fire, but fortunately preserved his genius intact. This compilation will add to a well deserved reputation, and, we hope, a considerable sum to his income.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

